

---WHEN---
JACKIE COOGAN, "MOVIE STAR"
 ---MET---
FRANCIS M'ADAM, "PRODIGY"
*Just Like Regular Kiddies They
 "Did Stunts" for Each Other*

Francis Couldn't Catch a Ball, and Jackie Couldn't Spell I-n-c-o-n-t-r-o-v-e-r-t-i-b-l-y—But When They Discovered That They Both Weighed "Just the Same"—42 Pounds—That Cemented a Friendship Already Well Begun.

By Fay Stevenson.

"CAN you catch a ball?" "Well, sometimes." "This was the opening conversation between six-year-old Jackie Coogan, the boy who rose to fame with Charlie Chaplin in "The Kid"



JACKIE COOGAN & FRANCIS M'ADAM.

and whose weekly income is \$1,200, and four-and-one-half-year-old Francis M'Adam, New York's latest prodigy, who can read every word in the newspapers, operate a typewriter, spell the longest words in the dictionary and by a clever mathematical process tell what day of the week a given date will fall.

These two clever youngsters met at the Biltmore Hotel early yesterday morning. Little Francis M'Adam and his mother journeyed from their home at No. 717 Union Avenue, the Bronx, to pay a visit to Jackie just so that these two exceptional kiddies, both so different in their own lines, might meet. And the result was that Jackie and Francis simply fell head over heels in love with each other. Francis was spellbound at the stage stunts Jackie could perform, while Jackie couldn't believe his eyes when he heard Francis read one word after another "just like a big man."

Their first greeting might be compared to a Wall Street business man, a typical sophisticated man of the world, and a mild, retiring professor. Jackie, the man of the world, extended his hand. Francis, the professor type, took it most courteously. Then Jackie, alive, alert, keen to his fingertips, wanted to start something, so he produced a new autographed baseball which Babe Ruth had given him, and with one of his characteristic throws (the same kind he used when he broke windows for the film) tossed the ball to Francis.

But it happened to be one of the "sometimes" when Francis couldn't catch a ball.

"Never mind about the ball, Francis," said Jackie in a big-hearted way. "They tell me you can read and write. I can't read a line, and all I can do is to write my own name. Get a paper and you read to me."

Francis produced the paper and the two little heads bent over the sheet while Francis's stubby index finger pointed to all the words as he read merrily along.

Jackie listened intently and respectfully. He even shook his head and his big expressive brown eyes were full of admiration.

"And can you spell too?" he asked.

"I can spell 'em all," said Francis with pride. He bit his lip and nodded.

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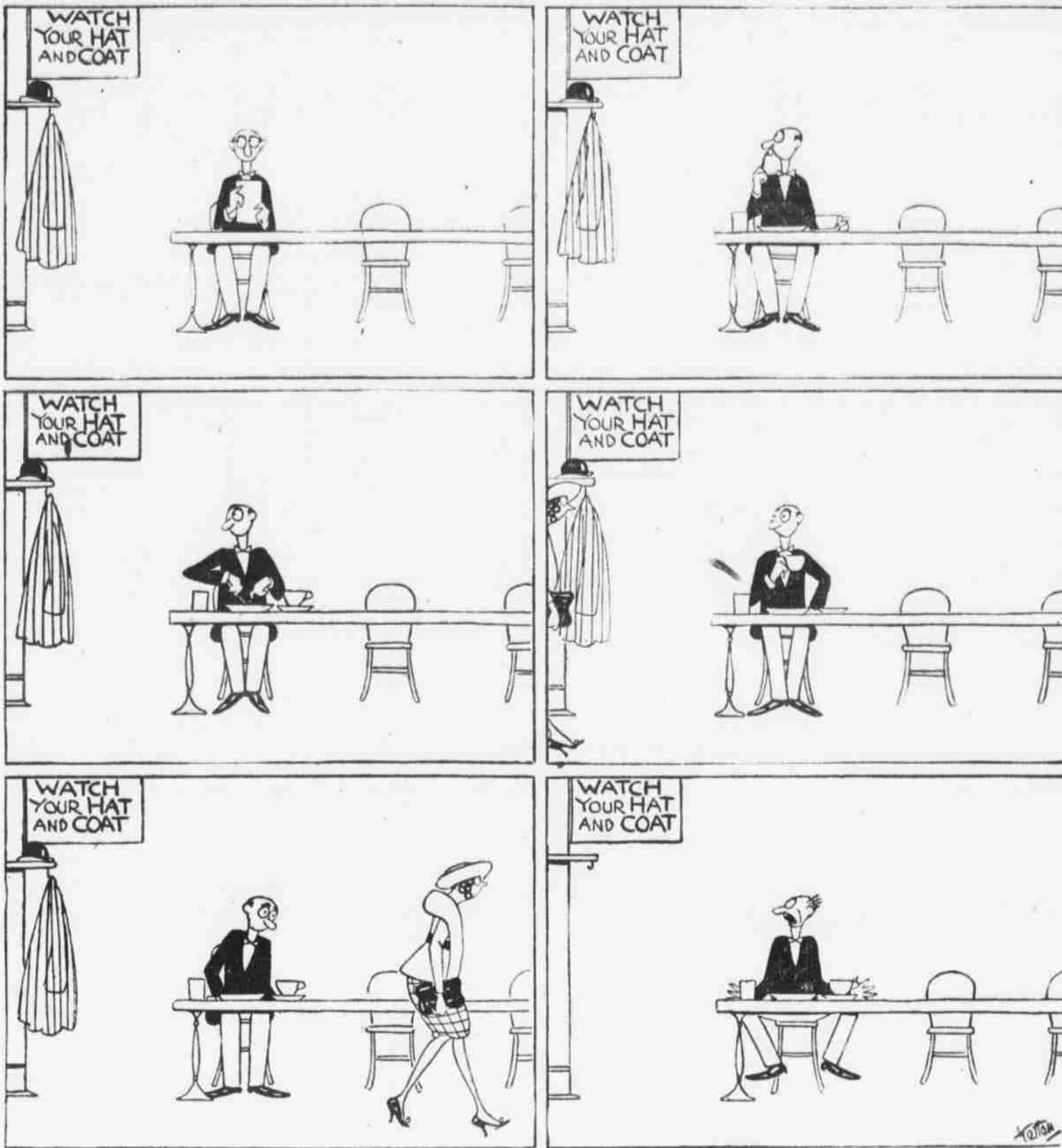
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DAILY MAGAZINE

Can You Beat It!

By Maurice Ketten



Are American Women Losing Respect for Their Husbands?

"They're Charming but Faithless," Charges J. H. Carle, "and Treat Mates with Contempt."

By Roger Batchelder.

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Authors, lecturers, writers, servants—all look upon America in general, and New York in particular, as the happy hunting ground of impressions. One gentleman comes here, declares that American women are charming but faithless, declares it before those same American women and is applauded for it, and then returns to the "manes" with many new impressions and a larger bank account. He is the authority that comes of reputation; he is great, and he can criticize and get away with it.

But now we have a man who has been everywhere. He admits it, and no one can deny the fact. He has been in Afghanistan, in Zuluand, from one pole to the other, from the Equator on one side of the world to the Equator on the other side. In fact, he has "looked it all over"—this world of ours. He came to New York eventually, and naturally enough. We can but listen seriously to his impressions of us. And even when he says that our women are losing faith in their men, we must lend our ears respectfully. His name is J. H. Carle.

NEW INVENTIONS.

A space saver there has been patented a kitchen table with an ironing machine beneath its top, the rollers being accessible as the top is folded back.

For vaccinating cattle a pistol has been invented, carrying in a magazine vaccine tablets which literally are shot under an animal's skin through a needle.

A theatre chair so formed that an occupant can turn to one side to permit a person to pass him without rising has been patented.

and his latest book, "This World of Ours" (Doran), tells about every part of the world, including—New York. Isn't this a good impression?

"After dinner you saunter down Broadway. It is a starry night, but the thousand electric lights flash in the heavens, flashing and dying out, and flashing again, as bright as day. Gigantic, vastly original, and how the advertising strikes home. See the crowds, who gaze up, cogitating, emotion in their faces; in this land a full-page ad well displayed, a key sign that flashes and flashes again, grips the very soul."

And now—wives, prepare to face the batteries.

"But the most interesting thing in that country to-day comes on a wave. It is this. American women are losing respect for their men. They are the mates of the most forceful, originating, doing race in history, yet they treat them, by and large, without respect, with scant politeness, often with thinly veiled contempt, as those of an inferior mould. And why? Because the men have set the tradition. Because these strong, forceful males have let the idea become nationwide and permitting that the woman is superior."

"It is dreadful. Much more dreadful for the women than the men. In every true woman is the longing, not only to love, but to learn to look up, and when she can do this—when she has gained her heart's desire, but today in America men proclaim that they are weak; not to be looked upon not to be looked up to. They proclaim it, and help along with unfeeling and straightway the minds of women begin to sour, their hearts to atrophy."

Now, wives of New York, is this skilled observer describing the true state of affairs? If so, would it not be just as well to put this article on your husband's pin cushion and find out how he takes it?

But to return to Americans in general.

"Yet Americans, with their material and mechanical mastery, are only human. Mr. Carle, take us. 'They are too emotional. They are self-righteous. The Nation is easily swayed by suggestions—good or bad. Waves of a Puritan idealism sweep across it. And then waves sweep back. And with each wave there comes a Nation-wide cry: 'We thank the Lord that we are not like others.' But they are."

Blames Men for Treating Wives as Superiors When Women Long to Look Up to Their Mates.

had had a friend who knew how to incline the left eyelid at exactly the proper height. We wonder if his analysis would not have been different.

However, to remove any idea that Mr. Carle does not approve of us, we can find complete source in this final paragraph:

"Climate! Boundless resource! The freedom to develop! Add those to the old stocks—to our own in particular—and you get the American. Because of his climate, he is energy incarnate. And his tradition is to use his head—get every ounce from his brain; never to slacken. In a word, he lives to the full. It is a big, big thing to do, look at it as you may."

There—that makes us feel a little better. Consider our national latch-key at your disposal, Mr. Carle.

Princeton Girl-Shy And Puritanical? Read This and Weep.

"CAN it be that the Princeton man is too frail to be trusted in this world of ravaging girls?" asked a New York newspaper recently, when the rumor went abroad that the student body frowned on smoking by girls, "petting parties" and what not.

"Lead that and weep," cries a Princeton man, writing to the N. Y. U. News. "Girls can smoke cigarettes, pipes or even cigars at old Nassau if they please," he says. "Seldom before has the student body been so 'girl-crazy.' 'Petting' has been listed in senior class statistics as the most popular indoor pastime, and not long ago a throng of students risked flunking to see a 'thriller' at the movies. After the feature film, the 'moral gown' was flashed on the screen, and the entire audience gave it the royal razzoo. Princeton puritanically? Read it and weep."

THE JARR FAMILY

BY ROY L. MCARDLE.

"I order that no mercurial considerations shall mar the psychological experiments we are about to undertake, you will kindly permit the usual fee of five dollars in the Chamber of Merlin!" remarked Ozo, the Omnipotent, drawing. Infidels trembled.

As he indicated the plaster of Paris skull on the centre table in his dining room both Mrs. Jarr and her friend, Mrs. Clara Mudridge-Smith, rightly inferred that this was the Chamber of Merlin.

"But I thought Mrs. Striver said that the fee was only two dollars," whispered Mrs. Jarr.

"It's no more cost of living on account of the war," Mrs. Mudridge-Smith murmured back, for she was anxious to have her past, present and future revealed—or at least all of it—that a tactful psychic could tell in front of one's best friend and as she searched in her special book for a five-dollar bill and finding one, placed it in the Chamber of Merlin.

But Ozo, the Omnipotent, a tall man in a frock coat and wearing a

MAXIMS OF A MODERN MAID

BY MARGUERITE MOGERS MARSHALL.

When a woman tells a man the truth about another woman he thinks her a scandal-monger; when she tells him the truth about himself he thinks her a liar; when she tells him nothing but pleasant fibs he thinks she's a nice, honest little woman.

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CINDERELLA never could have lost her slipper if it had been fastened with as many straps as adorn this season's pumps.

One reason why marriages are unhappy is because in love women are idealists, men are realists and they don't even talk the same language.

"It is wicked, and it ought to be against the law," a pretty woman declared the other day, "for any man to know as much about women as W. L. George knows."

If all burning love letters were burned as soon as read they would not start so many conflagrations afterward.

When a man intends to act like a brute the least he can do is to make his intentions so obvious that the lady in the case will feel like a Christian martyr.

The man who prides himself on doing everything in the world for his wife is the very one who makes a point of refusing to do the particular thing on which she has set her heart.

One sometimes wonders if all the movies and the books on "why girls go wrong" hang a quarantine card on the door of Sin—or offer a key.

Imagination is to the lover what torches are to the explorer of a cave—he's all right so long as the supply holds out.

An ounce of tact is worth a pound of truth.

LUCILE THE WAITRESS

BY BIDE DUDLEY.

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"I SEEN by the papers," said Lucile the waitress, "that the Friendly Patron fished a button out of his soup. That this fellow, Harris, who wanted to shuffle off this earthly demise, for killing Elwood, the whistle expert, now admits he was a prevaricator. I thought out a joke about that. Want to lend it an ear?"

"Yes, indeed!"

"Well, since he was in Buffalo, you might chirp that he had the whole country Buffaloed. Get it?"

"Sure!"

"I often think out jokes. People tell me to send 'em to the funny papers, but I never do. I don't run across any of the funny writers' snail's table, so I guess I won't butt in on their jobs. I thought of another good one a week ago Tuesday. I says to an actor that if the Equity made him quit work he'd want to know who put the 'quit' in Equity. Pretty cute, eh?"

"I like it."

"Yes, so do I. Well, a man came in here Friday and got to takin' movies to me. 'I'm makin' pictures down in Virginia and they're the real thing,' he says."

"Yes, I says, 'most likely the Virginia reel thing.' You know—the Virginia reel was a dance of the old college days. He laughs and I slip him an extra piece of butter. Then I imagine my horror to hear him say:—

"I heard that joke forty years ago when you was a little girl. Imagine—him tryin' to make me out about forty-five years old!"

"I presume you called him down," ventured the Friendly Patron.

"I did not," Lucile replied. "I just reached over and grabbed that extra butter and says:—

"My friend, what you need ain't no butter. You need some 'axol-xaxol' lubricate the wheels in your head. That concluded his portion of the entertainment. Now, how 'bout some of the apple pie for dessert? You look like you got a good, strong stomach."

NEW YORK'S TRIBE OF CIGAR STORE INDIANS NOW ONLY A MEMORY



WHEN the graybeards of to-day were boys, one of the commonest of New York's street signs was the cigar store Indian, tomahawk in one hand, a bundle of cheroots in the other. There were braves and squaws of every tribe, and though terrifying in aspect they were supposed to draw trade to the little shops in front of whose doors they stood.

To-day the little stores remain, but the Indians have been banished to the junk pile. A camera man camped all over the city before he found the one in the above photograph, a lonely sentinel guarding a store at No. 131 Eighth Avenue.

BEAUTY AND HEALTH

BY DR. CHARLOTTE C. WEST.

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How to Refine the Skin of the Nose.

THE nose and all its undulations are best cleansed with the finger tips and warm soapwater. A complexion brush is of great service when the pores are enlarged and grimy; a shaving brush with a good warm lather of fine soap is excellent to clean out the pores.

In many cases treatment of this kind upon skin that has been neglected stirs up the old glands, and the after effect is so conspicuous that rather than have an oily skin until a healthy state is created the old habits are adopted—little washing, soiled wash cloths and powder!

There is only one method by which to refine the skin—that of cleanliness. For the oily, shiny appearance that may result or that may already exist, the following simple lotion is useful: Boric acid, 1/2 dram; alcohol, 1/2 ounce; rose water, 1/2 ounce.

Mix and mop the surface several times daily, and always at bedtime. This wash is whitening, drying and astringent.

To prevent the action of germs on the oily secretions an antiseptic powder should be lightly dusted—not rubbed—on the skin. There are many combinations of such powders, all of them equally effective. An agreeable one for daily use consists of oxide of zinc, 1/2 ounce; powdered starch, 1/2 ounce; boric acid, 20 grains; and oil of eucalyptus, 10 drops.

A blackhead is not an eruption, it is a blemish. Blackheads result from oily secretions that plug up the pores. As dust is deposited on the outlet a black spot ensues. When dislodged it has the appearance of a tiny grub with a black head.

Blackheads must not be removed until the skin has been thoroughly softened with hot towels, after which they may be gently squeezed out with the aid of a little instrument that comes expressly for this purpose. Boils should be softened as directed above, opened with a sterilized needle, and the contents pressed out with a medicated cotton, after which the skin should be washed with peroxide of hydrogen and patted with a softening cream or ointment.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

removed by electrolysis. Dr. H. B. Geyser, 142 East 27th St., New York City.